THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 12, 1801.

Copy of a Letter on the high Prices of Proviſions,

To the Right Hon. EARL BROOKE *and* WARWICK, &c.

MY LORD, *Topſham, Auguſt* 2, 1801.

YOUR Lordſhip's public ſentiments on the neceſſaries of life were free from party prejudice, and properly pointed to true national polity, moſt worthy of general imitation, ſince land and commercial property form the true wealth of this nation; and if our manufactures are underſold or excluded from foreign markets, where they have long maintained a decided preference, the value of land will, in like proportion, leſſen; I will therefore preſume to add ſome obſervations to thoſe I had the honour to tranſmit on theſe important ſubjects.

By an Act 21 Geo. III. c 29. exportation of grain was permitted whenever good wheat did not exceed 5s. 6d. and barley 2s. 9d. per buſhel: thoſe prices were then conſidered (by Parliament) to be equitable between growers and conſumers; ſince which, great benefits have reſulted from vaſt incloſures, and laudable ſocieties of agriculture.

In December laſt the Houſe of Commons deputed gentlemen of talents to inquire into the high price of proviſions; the averaged annual quantity of grain being aſcertained from ſeveral good harveſts, they reported that the laſt crop was deficient two million quarters, and they enumerated ways and means adequate to two and half million quarters, which were wiſely adopted by ſeveral Acts, to remain in force until October, 1801; ſo that without any view to the enſuing harveſt, old wheat ought now to be about 5s. 6d. and barley at 2s. 9d. per buſhel, and other neceſſaries in proportion; I will, therefore, ſet down the prices

this day at Exeter market, and from my houſekeeper's book in the ſame city, averaged from the years 1759 to 1764, viz.

Old Wheat, per Buſhel,	Barley, per Buſhel,	Wheat Flour, per Pound,	Fleſh Meat, per Pound,	Butter, Cheeſe, per Pound,
18s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	5d.	8½d.	12½d.
2s. 11d.	1s. 8d.	1d.	2d.	3d.

As it is now evident that the meritorious exertions of the committee, and vaſt national treaſures for bounties, have not produced the intended good effect, a more cloſe examination is now juſtified of the old ſtock of Engliſh and imported grain, and alſo the produce of the enſuing harveſt, to the end that proviſion might be made for any deficiency by early purchaſes at foreign markets; impoſitions in quality and price would be better avoided than by delaying to apply until our own are at alarming prices.

A grower and ſeller of his own grain will not object to ſuch general inveſtigation, as individual produce from each harveſt is ſubject to examination by tythe owners; the greateſt part of our farmers (ever revered for benevolence) will rejoice at it, as the vile epithet, of oppreſſing the poor, belongs only to very few of them.

Should the examination of each harveſt be improper I humbly propoſe, for your Lordſhip's conſideration, that a price be fixed to each ſort of grain, ſo as to ſatisfy growers, conſumers, and land owners.

When grain is under the ſtandard, then exportation to continue: When above, then Miniſters (by a ſtanding Act) to be authorized to give directions for purchaſing grain at foreign markets.

Britiſh Conſuls to be inſtructed officially to tranſmit prices of grain, that Miniſters may know the beſt market for the ſort wanted.

Conſuls to load purchaſed grain on foreign ſhips, when Engliſh are not at hand, and with each cargo to ſend a ſealed meaſure by which the grain had been bought and laden; (this I ſaw cautiouſly practiſed at Tunis, and other corn ports in Barbary); Conſuls to ſend laden ſhips to ports in the United Kingdoms according to inſtructions. I ſhall, my Lord, be amply rewarded if theſe outlines are of uſe to this community, which I more regard and admire by having ſeen the greateſt part of Europe.

I muſt remark to your Lordſhip that it is inconſiſtent with wiſdom (for inſulated nations) often to apply to foreigners for bread corn, while they have lands proper for higher improvements:—We have heaths, downs, moors, foreſts, and waſte lands that can be turned to further advantage.

Some of them may be bought by the ſtate, others may be ſold to beſt bidders, under reſtraints of immediate improvement:—On ſome ſuch lands (in ſeveral counties) ſmall barracks may be erected

erected for offenders, condemned to death or baniſhment; there they may have hopes of remiſſion or ſhortening their terms of puniſhment, and other mercies, according to repentant behaviour.

Cloſe by the barracks, apartments might be appointed for a clergyman, and invalid warriors, with gardens and other comforts, equal or ſuperior to thoſe in the preſent crowded royal hoſpitals: in two years, the expences of maintaining them would greatly leſſen, in four years they would totally ceaſe; ſoon after they would be of value for ſale, for grants or other purpoſes for the good of community.

In Tuſcany I was witneſs to the demolition of all engines of death; and during my reſidence eleven years, after that law, a capital crime was rarely committed; of this I have ſaid more in a volume of travels, with the manners and cuſtoms of late happy Italians.

In England there are various commons, to which many ſmall land owners have a joint right; each owner would improve his ſhare, but it might not be worth the expence of an Act of Parliament; it would be beneficial if, by a general Act, the right of common be divided by owners of lands in the vicinity, legally commiſſioned; the property ſo ſeparated might be diſtinguiſhed, as of old, by ſtone land marks, hedges, or timber trees.

If, my Lord, the French were our commercial rivals before the war, we have now more to fear than from the ſtale threats of gunboat invaſion:—Their population is increaſed to twenty-ſix million by new poſſeſſions in Flanders, Avignon, Nice and Savoy; the people (by late convulſion) being reduced to a ſtate of equality are thrown upon induſtry:—When I came from Italy through France, fleſh meat was at three-pence, bread at two-pence per pound; and plans were forming to reduce them much lower, in order to decreaſe the wages of labouring artiſts for the avowed purpoſes of underſelling us at foreign markets, in which if they ſucceed, national revenue and land value muſt diminiſh in like proportion; and as the vaſt influx of wealth derives its conſequence from the grand ſource of our arts and manufactures, the labourers in them (ſeven million) claim aſſiſtance from all in reducing the price of proviſions that they might again enjoy the comforts of ſufficient ſuſtenance, which have long been out of their power to purchaſe by honeſt wages that were (in this country thirty-ſix years ſince) on an average at twelve ſhillings per week, and they are not altered, although all neceſſaries of life are advanced 350 per cent; and the high prices of proviſions have been more diſtreſſing to this uſeful claſs of ingenious people through want of full labour, by excluding the work of their hands from accuſtomed foreign markets.

His Majeſty's Miniſters (well knowing the true value of commerce near at home) will I hope be aſſiſted by many of your Lordſhip's unprejudiced principles, in removing obſtacles in Italy, &c. &c. that have fatally accumulated by protracting a peace; I have the honour to be with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

(Signed) N. BROOKE, M. D.

EXCURSION *on the* LAKES *in* IRELAND.

[From HOLME's Tour in Ireland.]

WE were detained at Caſtle Iſland by heavy rains, the whole of Sunday; however, Monday brought fair weather, and we betook ourſelves to the road, not without ſome apprehenſions, from information which we had received of the fords being ſwelled, through which we muſt neceſſarily paſs; in this we were agreeably diſappointed; the brooks were all fordable, with no great difficulty. Along the road, we had in view the immenſe mountains of the lakes, which afforded a boundleſs ſcope for fancy; their fantaſtical and rugged heads forming a thouſand ſtrange contraſts; every five minutes changed their appearance, according as miſts would break, or clouds enwrap them; diſtant gleams of light would dart acroſs their ſummits, and quickly vaniſh; then would ſucceed a thick and blackiſh vapour hanging on their gloomy ſides, till it was again diſplaced by a blaze of ſunſhine!

Thus were we entertained, till on our near approach to Killarny, the wide expanding boſom of the lower lake burſt at once upon our expectant eyes; and here no one can paſs without a pauſe; it deſerves it; nay, it requires it: for the eye naturally ſeeks for repoſe, as well as the groſſer parts of our ſyſtem after exertion; too numerous a ſucceſſion of objects will fatigue the ſight, and baffle reflection; they require digeſtion; and when it is interrupted, confuſion muſt ariſe, and the laſt object will eraſe from the mind the image of the firſt. After a pleaſing kind of tumult of the mind had ſubſided, occaſioned by the firſt impreſſion made upon us by this magnificent ſcene, we moved ſlowly on, deſcending by Lord Kenmare's deer park wall, into the town of Kellarny. It is exceedingly neat and clean, and thriving faſt, both from the great encouragement given by Lord Kenmare to ſettlers, and from the prodigious influx of viſitors to the lakes; the houſes in general are good, and an appearance of comfort pervades the whole. His Lordſhip's houſe adjoins the town, and the beautiful

gardens

gardens ſpread themſelves to the edge of the lake, finely planted, and preſerved with care.

This morning we prepared for an excurſion on the lakes. The boats were ſtationed at Roſs Iſland, about a mile and a half from town; it is rather a peninſula, being ſeparated from the main land only by a cut through a moraſs, over which there is a bridge.

Roſs Caſtle ſtands on this iſland, formerly the ſeat of O'Donoghoe Roſs, one of the moſt ancient families in this county. It lies cloſe to the water ſide, beautifully backed by wood, which covers almoſt the whole of the iſland; the banks, in moſt places, are hid by thick and hanging foliage. The caſtle is now in tolerable repair, having a garriſon, with a governor appointed for it, upon the eſtabliſhment. In the year 1641, it was held by Lord Muſkerry, againſt the Engliſh, commanded by Ludlow, with Lord Broghil and Sir Hardreſs Waller, who beſieged it with four thouſand infantry, and two hundred cavalry; it was ſurrendered upon capitulation. Having embarked, and taken on board two men with horns, and two ſmall pieces of cannon, we ſtretched acroſs the lower lake, to the baſe of Glenaá mountain, where we depoſited our proviſions in the cottage; and ſhaping our courſe towards the upper lake, we entered between the two mountains of Glenaá and Turc, a narrow canal, or river, which iſſues from the upper to the lower lake.

Here the moſt wildly diverſified ſcenery unfolds itſelf, that the enthuſiaſtic imagination can conceive. The rugged and precipitate baſe of Turc, contraſted with the oppoſite richly wooded ſides of Glenaá, whoſe romantic groves, falling to the waves, caſt a deep and ſolemn ſhade around; whilſt on the other ſide, rock piled on rock, flung in wild confuſion along the banks covered with crawling ivy, and from their interſtices, burſting numerous ſhrubs, in flower, and bearing fruit; quickly the ſcene would change; the mountains retire ſuddenly and leave us in a plain, of perhaps three hundred yards in breadth; the green lawn ſpotted with groups of oak, holly, and wild aſh; again the hills approach, and environ us with dark precipices and nodding woods; awhile the courſe ſeems loſt, we are ſuſpended in doubt; till turning ſhort, we penetrate a deep and gloomy ſhade, hid from the blaze of day by the umbrageous arms of the trees, which, interwoven together, form an imperious canopy. Once more we are launched into an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, clad with countleſs ſhrubs and foreſt trees, which, ſhooting from their bare ſides, ſend forth their twiſting roots towards the earth. Arriving underneath the Eagle Rock, we ſtopped, and, landing on the oppoſite bank, ſtood loſt in admiration, not unmixed with terror.

Its ſublime height, girt with a waving foreſt, whoſe aſpiring trees lift their tall ſhade high amongſt the craggy eminences, the haunt

haunts of eagles and various birds of prey; at its base, the tremulous wave reflected all again with varied beauty. But how can I describe the wonders of its many echoes, which, on the explosion of the cannon, burst with tenfold magnitude from its rugged cliffs, rolling with majestic horror round the neighbouring hills, each seeming to repel the thunder as it comes, till by reiterated peals, it sinks into hollow murmurs among the distant hills, and is for a few moments lost; but, from the silent pause, the distant sound again strikes faintly on the ear, and by degrees, with collected force, grows louder, till at last it finally dies away to utter silence!

Just at this awful period, the bugle horn sounded, and there issued from the grots and steep recesses of the mountain, innumerable sounds, like celestial voices, diffusing inexpressible pleasure, each wood and rocky dell prolonging the notes, which, floating on the agitated air, fell behind the hills, and mingled into one grand chord of most angelic harmony that like—

———" A solemn breathing sound,
" Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, that stole upon the air,
" That even silence was took ere she was aware,
" And wish'd she might deny her nature, and be never more;
" Still to be so displaced."

From this enchanting spot we proceeded on to the old Wier bridge, a rude and picturesque object, where quitting the boat, we betook ourselves to the bank, whilst the boatmen prepared to drag the boat through a fall of water, which passes with great impetuosity under the arch; through it they conveyed ropes to the other side, and, with the most painful exertions, pulled it up through the fall into the higher stream, which is elevated about ten or fifteen feet. Thus continuing our course, we at length entered the upper lake through a narrow channel formed by two projecting cliffs, called Colman's Eye. This lake is surrounded by mountains of a fearful height, fringed with forests, which creep up their sides to various distances. From the glassy surface, emerge huge rocks, crowned with arbutus, displaying its bright green leaves of gayest verdure, blended with its scarlet fruit and snowy blossoms. Some immense islands lift their bare and craggy summits high above others, from whose fantastical shapes the boatmen have named them, one, the man of war, another, the church, and so on, according as there is an assimilation. The shores are mostly bold and steep, abounding with the most surprising variety of shrubs and plants.

" Here

" Here ſpring the living herbs profuſely wild
" O'er all the green deep earth, beyond the power
" Of botaniſt to number up their tribes;
" Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale
" In ſilent ſearch, or climbs the mountain rock,
" Fired by the nodding verdure of the brow,
" With ſuch a liberal hand hath nature ſlung
" Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds
" Innumerous, mix'd them in the nurſing mold."

At the fartheſt extremity of the lake aroſe M'Gillycuddy's Rock; its many pointed head immerſed in miſts and ſtorms; along its prodigious furrows we could diſtinctly trace the cataracts, ſwollen by recent rains, tumbling with fury, and gliſtening like liquid ſilver. In a little time we obſerved its forky ſummit pierce through the clouds, and the grey miſts flow deſcending, like a great curtain half way down, through which the ſun darted his rays, partially illuming its huge ſide and baſe. We landed on Roman's Iſland, where we found a ſmall cabin, built by the perſon from whom the iſland takes its name: he was a ſingular character, and retired here to enjoy the pleaſures of his rod and gun. It is finely ſituated, commanding a delightful proſpect of the circumjacent hills, with the numerous iſland ſcattered over the lake. Embarking again, we croſſed to the ſhore, and wound round the woody promontories of thoſe ſtupendous mountains, proceeding to the very extremity. We approached the rocks as near as the land would permit, but all was involved in ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs: we could ſcarce ſee upwards an hundred feet.

We now bent our courſe homeward; paſſing again through Colman's Eye, we entered the beautiful canal, or paſſage to the lower lake. When we arrived within a quarter of a mile of the old Weir bridge, we felt ourſelves gently urged on by the current, the boatmen drew in their oars, and we committed ourſelves to the guidance of the ſtream; trimming the boat well and obſerving our balance, we found ourſelves hurried on towards the arch with increaſed velocity; till, with the torrent, we were ſwept through the arch and down the fall, with a force that muſt alarm any perſon looking at us from the bank. As we approached it, the boatmen mentioned an accident having happened to a boat, which was broken to atoms down the fall, by not having ſufficient water to carry it clear over the rocks, which by no means tended to quiet my fears for our own fate; however, we had a fine ſweep of water, and were launched pleaſantly into the lower ſtream. On our arrival at Glenaá cottage, we found a comfortable dinner ready for us, attended by every thing that could heighten enjoyment. About ſix o'clock we got on board, and winding round the fanciful ſhore which

ſeparates

ſeparates Mucruſs Lake from the lower, we returned to Roſs Caſtle.

Tribute of Reſpect to the Memory of the late Captain E. T. Parker.

THE death of this gentleman, in conſequence of the wound he received in the action off Boulogne, on the 15th of Auguſt laſt, muſt be lamented by the nation at large, as the loſs of a moſt promiſing and able officer; but to thoſe who had the happineſs of his acquaintance, it muſt be the ſubject of deep and laſting affliction. On his profeſſional merits it is needleſs to enlarge: to have been raiſed to the rank of Maſter and Commander when ſcarcely twenty-one years old; to have been diſtinguiſhed at this early age in the naval annals of England, in its moſt illuſtrious æra; and, above all, to have been tranſmitted to poſterity as "the good and gallant friend and able aſſiſtant" of the greateſt of our naval heroes, are facts which ſpeak more powerfully than panegyric. But the fruſtration of thoſe hopes, which ſo brilliant an outſet in the race of glory had ſo juſtly inſpired, is not the principal ſource of the affliction of his friends: to a ſpirit ardent in the purſuit of honour, to undaunted courage, and to active and unwearied perſeverance in the acquirement of the knowledge and diſcharge of the duties of his profeſſion, he joined a generous and unſuſpecting openneſs of heart, an artleſs and engaging courteſy of manners, a warmth of benevolence and fidelity in friendſhip, which made him as amiable, as the more ſhining virtues of his character gave hopes he would be great. The ſingular mildneſs of his temper was moſt ſtrongly proved in the laſt weeks of his life; when it not only enabled him to ſuſtain, with exemplary fortitude and reſignation, the torments of a moſt painful wound, but for a time allayed the violence of his fever, and even promiſed wholly to avert the blow, which at length fell on his friends the heavier from being delayed. He died on the 26th of September.

Short SKETCH *of* POLITICS,

For SEPTEMBER, 1801.

DURING this month we have little to record reſpecting the political world. Nothing has tranſpired worthy of much attention.

From Egypt little intelligence has been received ſince the capitulation of Grand Cairo to the Engliſh army. The reduction of Alexandria, ſeems to be the object of our forces, and will, we apprehend, be ſoon accompliſhed. Our ſoldiers are at the ſame

time, we are ſorry to learn, in a ſickly condition, even General Hutchinſon himſelf is ſaid to be much indiſpoſed. It is ſingular, that blindneſs is an evil with which the Engliſh are much afflicted there. The ſun ſhining upon a fine kind of ſand, of which the ſoil is compoſed, greatly injures the optical nerve, and the ſight is thus loſt. We ſhall be happy to hear of the return of our troops from ſo unhealthy a climate.

The American papers ſtate, that Jefferſon continues to act with great ſpirit and ability. His diſmiſſal of many perſons from office, neceſſarily offends the other party. How far this conduct is juſt and politic we are not able to declare. We would hope that the ſpirit of prejudice is ſubſiding in that country. It has been very violent—we truſt, for the time to come, that affairs will be conducted with tranquillity.

The harveſt, amongſt us, has been abundant—price of corn much fallen—and bread has, of courſe, been more acceſſible to the lower claſſes of mankind. The Supreme Being has been very bountiful to us—may the wickedneſs of men never bring on the miſeries of famine—in this our beloved country!

To inſert the various reports and opinions on the ſtate of politics, during the month of September, would not only be uſeleſs but abſurd; for, as our readers already know, preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and France were ſigned on the 1ſt of October, by Lord Hawkeſbury on the part of Great Britain, and by M. Otto on the part of France. This important and moſt happy event will afford much intereſting matter for our next article.

THE SCOTSMAN'S TALE.

[From the Fourth Volume of Miss Lee's Canterbury Tales.]

TO underſtand the following extract from this ingenious tale, it will be neceſſary to give a ſhort ſketch of the preceding part. The Scotſman in his travels abroad falls in with Claudina, a young French emigrant lady; a mutual paſſion takes place, which is thwarted by St. Victorie, her brother, a high ſpirited nobleman, who places her in a family to which her lover can have no acceſs. The latter, in the mean time, hears of his father's failure, and is obliged to return to England, where he accepts of an humble employment in a counting houſe. Here he becomes acquainted with Vaudreuil, a young clerk in his own ſituation, whom he humanely aſſiſts with ſmall ſums, but of whom he is jealous, as he diſcovered a picture in his poſſeſſion, which reſembles Claudina. Vaudreuil having borrowed a ſum of money from the Scotſman, diſappears, and in his abſence the

Scotſman's uncle dies and leaves him a fortune. At this criſis our extract begins.

I waited impatiently the return of Vaudreuil; for I was perſuaded he would return, or that I ſhould at leaſt hear from him, though it were only in diſcharge of the pecuniary obligation between us; and I was neceſſarily obliged to employ myſelf, in the interim, in the regulation of my uncle's concerns. I did this with the more alacrity, as it was my intention, the moment they were in any ſafe train, to embark for Peterſburg, bear the news of my own change of fortune to Claudina, decide by her looks and her reception of me upon the intereſt I ſtill held in her heart, and, if I found that unchanged, prevail with her to withdraw, either openly or in ſecret, from the authority of St. Victoire, and accompany me to England as my wife.—A long and cruel fortnight paſſed, however, without any tidings of Vaudreuil. During that period I could hardly forbear ſmiling, at intervals, to ſee thoſe who now called themſelves my friends imputing the indifference and half melancholy which hung about me to a hypocritical ſorrow for my uncle's death. I believe I was looked upon by theſe men in the world as a complete diſſembler; and ſo far were they from calculating what paſſed in my heart, that I have no doubt they thought me ſecretly overwhelmed with exultation and joy.

I had been ſo indefatigable in my exertions, as ſoon to prepare every thing for my approaching departure. I meditated in what manner I ſhould, without ſaying too much, communicate to my mother the nature of the buſineſs that carried me abroad; and I was walking deeply engroſſed with my own reflections, along the Strand, when, happening to caſt my eyes upon a hackney-coach that paſſed me, I ſaw Vaudreuil in it. It was driving very faſt; and beyond my reach, before I had recollection to ſtop it.—I could entertain no doubt, however, that it was him, for he bowed to me ſmiling as he paſſed. His countenance was more lighted up; and, from the glance I caught of him, I thought he ſeemed better dreſſed than uſual.

This was a myſtery, the unravelling of which at once engaged all my attention. That Vaudreuil ſhould be in London, ſhould know himſelf to be my debtor, yet neither write nor call upon me; ſhould be aware that he ſtood expoſed to the moſt degrading ſuſpicion, yet coolly bow to me from a hackney-coach, ſeemed almoſt beyond belief. I went to his former lodgings; but he had not been heard of there. I then haſtened to the counting-houſe where he had been uſed to attend, but no tidings of his return had reached any of the clerks. A letter, however, was put into my charge, addreſſed to him, that had been ſent thither by the people with whom he had lived. I knew it inſtantly to

be

be the hand-writing of Claudina, and I could, therefore, no longer doubt it to be her picture which he wore.

All my ſuſpicions again recurred. I was on the point of tearing open the letter, in order to ſatisfy them:—but I remembered I had no claim over Vaudreuil, but one I ſhould have bluſhed to profit by; and that, if he had even robbed me of Claudina's affections, it was ſufficiently probable that he never knew I had engaged them. No other acquittal but that of the petty money concern between us was, in the apparent ſtate of the buſineſs, neceſſary on his part; and ſuch was the confidence inſpired by the kind of character I had obſerved in him, that I was ſtill perſuaded, if there was any thing treacherous in his conduct, he would at length appear to anſwer it. The letter had no ſhip mark: I examined that of the poſt; it was from Hull. —My voyage to Peterſburg would then be fruitleſs. Claudina was evidently not there.—The appearance of Vaudreuil would be, perhaps, alike uſeleſs to me. She would probably have beſtowed herſelf upon him before we met;—for, if there was no deceitful motive in her voyage, why did ſhe not write to me? I had not even heard from her for a conſiderable time before. But this circumſtance I had hitherto imputed to ſome accidental failure of her letters: that before me announced a different reaſon for her ſilence; and I had the torture of ſuppoſing ſhe was at that very moment in London, yet as far out of the reach of my penetration as if in the wilds of Siberia. I returned home extremely melancholy; and, to my great ſurpriſe, found waiting for me there the very perſon I had been over half the town in ſearch of—in other words, Vaudreuil himſelf. In my hand I held Claudina's letter, which I had taken poſſeſſion of, leaving word where it was to be found; and I advanced toward him with a turbulence and impatience of which he did not ſeem at all ſenſible. His countenance was, indeed, as it had appeared to me in the coach, animated and cheerful; in a word, he looked happy, and that was enough to make me miſerable.

"I come," ſaid he, ſtepping toward me, "to demand your congratulations, and to announce a piece of good fortune in which you will ſympathize with me."

"Spare yourſelf the relation," ſaid I, ſullenly—"I know the good fortune that has befallen you without its being told. You are married—or on the point of being ſo.—And, to ſhow you that I am better informed of your affairs than you ſuppoſe, I can even name the faithleſs woman who has beſtowed herſelf upon you."

"When I do marry," ſaid Vaudreuil, laughing, "I hope it will not be a faithleſs woman, at leaſt.—You are, in truth, a moſt ingenious gueſſer: and after you have pointed out the fair one who means to do me the favour of beſtowing herſelf upon me, I ſhall know what portion of gratitude is due both to you and

to her. In the interim, however, aſſure yourſelf that it is not matrimony, but that which has of late engroſſed a much greater ſhare of the thoughts of mankind, politics—which is in queſtion with me.—I have received undoubted information that the new government in France will allow me to recover at leaſt a conſiderable portion of my family claims and property there. I have never borne arms againſt my country; and ſhould I prove ſucceſsful in my application, I ſhall be enabled to ſerve a brother who is leſs fortunately circumſtanced, and a ſiſter inexpreſſibly dear to me."

"You have a ſiſter!" exclaimed I.

"Undoubtedly I have," returned Vaudreuil, ſmiling archly, "And you wear her picture"—

—"At my boſom!" and he drew it from thence.

"Ah, it is Claudina!—*my* Claudina—my *own* Claudina," cried I, ſnatching and kiſſing it rapturouſly a thouſand times. Vaudreuil could not forbear ſmiling at an *étourderie* ſo foreign to all he had yet ſeen of my character.

"I am ignorant how ſoon ſhe is to be your Claudina," ſaid he at length, gently diſengaging the portrait; "but I know ſhe is at preſent mine; and I am not quite aſſured that ſhe will permit me to authoriſe ſuch violent careſſes.—Let us be ſeated, my kind friend," he added, recovering his uſual intereſting gravity of tone and manner; "and if you can command theſe tranſports of your's,—ſo little in uniſon with our ideas of Engliſh phlegm,—I will tell you, what I am ſure you will have real pleaſure in hearing—I will tell you that your generous interpoſition reſcued Claudina and both her brothers from a ſtate of half-deſpondency; that your pecuniary kindneſs ſupplied with neceſſaries and comforts the proud ſpirit and ſuffering frame of St. Victoire:—finally, that it has afforded Claudina herſelf the means of coming up to London, and of thanking you in perſon.

"Theſe, believe me, are not dreams," ſaid he, perceiving me ſtare with aſtoniſhment: "it is but very lately that I have known the hiſtory of my own family: ſuch as it is I will relate it to you.—I need not tell you that I am much younger than St. Victoire—there is, in fact, only the difference of two years between Claudina and myſelf:—but I look older—for I have ſuffered,"—he added, ſighing. "From the time I had any uſe of reaſon, it unfortunately happened that mine did not accord with that of my family—I was, therefore, an early outcaſt from it, and remained in France, when my relations quitted it, without their deigning to take the ſmalleſt intereſt in my after fate. My name was prohibited to Claudina's lips, as attaching diſgrace to her own; and it was the conſtant habit of ſuppreſſing it that probably prevented its reaching your ears. I was not much more fortunate, however, in my political career than my father and my brother had been. The fickle and too enthuſiaſtic nation

of

of which I was an individual became ſanguinary, and diſgraced the nobleſt aim of humanity. I was nearly a victim to the guillotine; but a friendly banker at Paris concealed me, and by his aſſiſtance I paſſed in ſafety to Rouen. I was not without abilities, and am among thoſe of my countrymen who think it no diſgrace to uſe them. I applied myſelf under a borrowed name to buſineſs: but I did not find that I was wholly ſafe from perſecution, and was, therefore, adviſed to quit France.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS *on the* SWEDISH LANGUAGE.

THE Swediſh language, which is a dialect of the low Saxon, is one of the moſt agreeable in Europe, without being the moſt difficult. If the inhabitants pronounced the words with a tone ſomewhat more firm, if their organs poſſeſſed the ſame force with thoſe of the Italians, which are formed by nature for all ſorts of melody, if their articulation were as accurate and diſtinct, if they raiſed the voice ſufficiently when dwelling on the conſonants, of which perhaps the Swediſh contains too few, it would not be eaſy to decide which of the two languages would be moſt agreeable to the ear.

The Swediſh has ſuch an affinity with the Daniſh and Norwegian languages, that the natives of thoſe three countries eaſily underſtand each other. So many Latin, French, and German words were formerly blended with the Swediſh, that Charles XI. thought himſelf obliged to prohibit, in a formal manner, the public officers from uſing foreign words; a meaſure which was ſoon followed by an injunction to the clergy, requiring them to preach in their native idiom, with all the purity and correctneſs of which they were capable.

In no country are there ſo many family names ending in *us*, which is a Latin, and not a Swediſh, termination. Not only were the Swediſh proper names, which happened to form words tranſlated into Latin, when this could be done; but when the proper names had no ſignification, the Latin termination *us* was added, in conformity with this imperious uſage. And ſuch is the empire of faſhion on the mutation of language, that the Swedes, who have always been faithful admirers of the French, have, notwithſtanding the ordinances to the contrary, preſerved a greater number of French words than the Danes, or even than the Germans, and they daily made uſe of thoſe words, eſpecially in common converſation. It muſt be obſerved, however, that the practice of terminating proper names of men in *us* becomes every day leſs common. Scarcely any but aged miniſters of the goſpel now willingly allow that addition to their names; for ſuch of their ſons as are not deſtined for eccleſiaſtical employments,

reſume

reſume their ancient names, and change, for example, Lalerus into Laler. In this place, it muſt be obſerved, that although Sweden has produced a greater number of orators than Denmark, where indeed there are very few worthy of being named, the grammatical and philoſophical parts of language have been leſs cultivated in the former country, which is deſtitute of dictionaries, while we find in Denmark ſeveral well written grammars, more complete dictionaries, and an excellent treatiſe on ſynonimes. Of the Swediſh language, four dialects are to be diſtinguiſhed, namely, the Swediſh, properly ſo called, the Dalecarlian, the Finlandiſh, and the Laplandiſh. The two laſt differ conſiderably from the two firſt; and it is remarkable, that the language of the Finlanders ſeems to have ſome relation to the Greek.

Account of Mr. Andrews, the celebrated Billiard Player.

MR. Andrews was born to an eaſy independent fortune, but commencing life at a time that he was incapable of judging of the world, or of himſelf, he was led away by a ſingle paſſion; for he was not actuated by any other. He devoted himſelf entirely to the blind goddeſs, and worſhipped her inceſſantly under the form of two ivory balls. He was remarkably thin, not very tall, though about the middle ſize: his face was a perfect vacuum, with reſpect to every poſſible idea except billiards. So infatuated was he in purſuing this game, to attain the ſummit of excellence at it, that he ſacrificed days, nights, weeks, months, and years to it.

At length he arrived to ſuch a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that there was no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden. Mr. Andrews was the moſt devoted adept of this game that ever nature produced; he ſeemed but to vegetate in a billiard-room, and indeed he did little more in any other place. He was a perfect billiard valetudinarian, in the moſt rigid ſignification of the expreſſion, He ate, drank, ſlept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the ſyſtem of the balls. His regimen was tea, and toaſt and butter, for breakfaſt, for dinner, and for ſupper.

It might reaſonably be imagined, that ſo regular a profeſſor would obtain all the advantages that could reſult from the ſcience. He won conſiderable ſums, but knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains, but ſeemed perfectly indifferent about winning or loſing. There was a latent fineſſe in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying by for bets, but as they were ſeldom offered,

fered, the ſtrength of his play being very well known, he often loſt by repeated ſmall ſums, very conſiderable ones.

It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards, than any other perſon ever did. The following is a remarkable circumſtance: he one night won of Colonel W——e upwards of 1000l. and the colonel appointed to meet him the next day, to go with him into the city, to transfer ſtock to him to the amount of the ſum loſt. Being in a hackney-coach, they toſſed up who ſhould pay. Andrews loſt, and upon this ſmall beginning he was excited to continue, till he had loſt the whole ſum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman ſtopped to ſet them down, he was ordered to get up again, and drive them back, as they had no occaſion to get out.

By theſe purſuits he loſt very large ſums which he had won at billiards: and, in a few years, hazard, and other games at chance, ſtripped him of every ſhilling he could command. He had ſtill left a ſmall annuity, which he endeavoured to diſpoſe of, but it was ſo ſecurely ſettled upon himſelf that he could not ſell it; otherwiſe it is probable that it would have been transferred to the gaming-table. He very lately lived in a retired manner in Kent, where he declared to an intimate old acquaintance that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but ſince he was obliged to live upon a ſcanty pittance, he thought himſelf one of the happieſt men in the univerſe. It is now generally believed that he is dead.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

ON the 7th of February, 1731, a wager of 500l. was made between Lord Cavendiſh and Sir Robert Fagg, that the former did not ride a hunter from Hyde-Park-Corner to the Lodge, in Windſor Foreſt, in an hour and five minutes. His Lordſhip performed it in an hour and ſix minutes, and conſequently loſt. Upwards of 5000l. were betted on the occaſion.

The celebrated Marquis De La Fayette rode, in Auguſt, 1788, from Rhode Iſland to Boſton, near ſeventy miles diſtant, in ſeven hours, and returned in ſix hours and a half.

On the 24th of January, 1792, for a bet of 500 guineas, Mr. Bingham's bay gelding, performed two ſtanding leaps over Hyde Park wall, near the gate going from Piccadilly, which wall is ſix feet and a half on the inſide, and eight on the outſide. As the deſcent was ſo conſiderable, long dung was placed on the outſide for his reception. The Duke of York, Prince William of Glouceſter, Lord Derby, &c. witneſſed this ſurpriſing performance.

In October, 1780, Mr. Fozard of Park-lane, for a wager of 150 againſt 100l. undertook to ride 40 miles in two hours over

Epſom

Epſom Courſe. He rode two miles more than had been agreed on, and performed it in five minutes under time.

On the ſuperior Pleaſures and Advantages of the Country to the Town.

THE pleaſures of a country life have in all ages excited the enthuſiaſtic applauſes of the poet, the citizen, the philoſopher, and the hero. After ſtraining the faculties in purſuit of the muſes; exhauſting health in accumulating riches; enervating the frame by intenſe application to ſtudy; or ſhortening life by unremitting duty, in defence of liberty and the ſtate—all flatter themſelves with the hope, that in their evening of life they ſhall ſit down in their little cottage, and feel no more the reſtleſſneſs of ambition, the deſire of popular applauſe, or the thirſt for immortality.

To avoid the ſnares of pleaſure, and the temptations of diſſipation; many fly to the country as their only refuge, there every object is tranquil—the beaſts are feeding in the meadows, the ſheep browzing on the hills, the birds are ſinging in the groves and hedges, and the domeſtic race are placidly feeding around the doors of our dwelling.—There the ſyren voice of vice is not heard—the blandiſhments of Circe are not ſeen—her ſtupifying cup remains untaſted. But is virtue here exhibited in her moſt becoming attre, her loveliеſt attitude, her ſweeteſt aſpect? No, perhaps the advocates of a town life will ſay "To ſhew virtue in her moſt dignified form, ſhe muſt be repreſented ſtruggling with a vanquiſhing temptation; then we behold the indignant fire of her fine eyes—the majeſtic frown of her ample forehead, her ſnowy arms gracefully repelling the rude foe—in the back ground we ſurvey the tempter expanding his wings, and flying to the duſky peſtilential metropolis, where he almoſt unrivalled reigns!"

Solitude at ſtated ſeaſons is friendly to wiſdom; the man of ſtrong paſſions, can without interruption inveſtigate his own nature and propenſities, he can calmly look into himſelf, and may happily diſcover thoſe dark ſhades in his character, which diſfigure him in the eyes of man, and which unleſs ſpeedily removed by patient and attentive diſcipline, will ultimately render him offenſive to his eternal father, whoſe favour is above all price!—

Employed in this way, ſolitude is of ineſtimable value, but religion muſt aſſiſt reflection; the mind can often eaſily obſerve its own failings, but the wakeful paſſions are ever preſenting ſome favourite object to attract its attention, and defeat its reſolutions—Where can be the advantage of ſolitude, unleſs the mind be regulated by the precepts of religion, which ſo powerfully ſtimulate to upright and virtuous conduct?

AN ANECDOTE.

IN a ſeaſon of very great drought, which happened in Perſia, a ſchoolmaſter, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Shirauz in proceſſion, to pray for rain; while on the way a humourous fellow aſked where they were going? The tutor told him, and ſaid, that he doubted not but God would liſten to the prayers of innocent children. "My friend," replied the humouriſt, "if that was the caſe I fear there would be no SCHOOLMASTERS left alive."

DESCRIPTION *of a remarkable* WATER-SPOUT.

BEING (ſays Mr. Farey) at the village of Ridgemont, near Woburn, in Bedfordſhire, on Wedneſday, July 1, 1801, about noon, a ſtorm came on, attended with diſtant thunder. At firſt it hailed pretty ſmartly, after which there was a heavy fall of rain for fifteen or twenty minutes; near the concluſion of which, remarking an uncommon appearance in the lower extremity of a blackiſh cloud towards the weſt, I attentively obſerved it, and ſaw a water-ſpout proceed from this cloud; it continued viſible nearly a quarter of an hour, frequently lengthening itſelf to a great diſtance below the cloud; again contracting, it was tapered towards the lower end, where it appeared to terminate in a blunt point. It rained all the time at Ridgemont, or probably the rain could have been ſeen deſcending below it.

This water-ſpout did not project vertically from the cloud, but inclined conſiderably towards the wind, then about north-eaſt, and was not ſtraight, but curved, with the convex-ſide towards the wind. A little time before it diſappeared it lengthened out to nearly double its former length, and became cylindrical or nearly ſo, with its edges defined like a pipe: during this time it varied from its former horn-like appearance to a waving or ſerpentine line. It appears to have paſſed over the village of Aſpley, and part of Wavenden, and at theſe places, and in the intervening fields, it rained in torrents for a few minutes.

It it rather remarkable, that on the next day, about the ſame hour, another water-ſpout paſſed over Maulden, near Ampthill, alſo in Bedfordſhire.

A QUESTION, *by Gemini.*

GIVEN the area of a right angled $\triangle$, $=216$, and the right line joining the centre of gravity of the ſaid triangle, and the middle of the baſe, $=8.544$. Required the ſides thereof.

Anſwer, by E. Sherman, of Cornwood, to N. Haly's Rebus, inſerted Auguſt 10.

THE initials of your rebus doth expound,
PHENIX, a bird in England rarely found.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, Egbert Moon, J. Burdge, J. Hill, J. Squance, S. March, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; and William Francis, of Gwennap.

Anſwer, by W. Jetkin, of Yeovil, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted Auguſt 10.

NELSON behold amid the cannons' roar!
With fire and SMOKE affright the hoſtile ſhore;
Th' victo'ry won, like to the fabl'd ſteel,
The wound he gave his mercy fought to heal.

, We have received the like anſwer from R. Berry, of Southmolton; W. England, of Lyme; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; J. Whittle, of Upway; A. L. of Poole; J. Squance, H. Humphreys, W. S. S. March, and J Burdge, of Exeter; Roger Maſſet, of Saltaſh; G. England, of Uplyme; J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; E. T. and H. Trenchard, jun. of Chard; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; D. Hayes, of Briſtol; J. R. Toulmin, and J Niois, miner, of St. Agnes.

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to E. Penney's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 17.

THE lady's fair the ARMLET wear,
When they at ball or rout appear.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, W. S. E. Moon, J. Hill, and W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; and Valencourt, of Kenn.

A REBUS, *by E. Tapley, of Chard.*

FIRST, that explore which doth the juſt employ;
A title next of him who dwells on high,
Who by my next with fervour is addreſs'd;
Thro' my dark fourth, to keep them ſafe in reſt;
A ſacred hiſtorian next ſet down,
Thro' whom my next on holy writ has ſhone;
Laſtly, a paſſion of the human mind,
Whoſe influence is pow'rful on mankind
The initials join'd, an author will be found,
Whoſe works with moral wit and worth abound.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Edwards, Jun. of St. Auſtell.*

START not, ye gents, at my terrific form!
I come not near you! Sacred is the charm
Of worth and goodneſs. I the baſe attend,
And am the dark aſſaſſin's conſtant friend,
Companion rather—friendſhip's ſacred name,
I and my followers have no right to claim.
Ambition's daring acts belong to me,
'Tis I that prompt revenge and tyranny.
And when the murd'rer aims the deadly blow,
I ſteel his heart alike to friend or foe:
My head cut off, you'll then my offſpring ſee,
The only offſpring that e'er roſe from me;
Reverſe my name, ye bards! 'tis ten to one
You'll ſee what your forefathers once have done.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

SWEET ANN *of* MARKETJEW,

A NEW SONG.

WHILST ſome to warlike tales aſpire,
Or fancy's fleeting dreams purſue,
Let love my plaintive verſe inſpire
To praiſe ſweet Ann of Marketjew.

It is not dreſs that forms her charms,
For fancy's maze ſhe never knew;
Her face alone my ſoul diſarms,
And makes me ſigh for Marketjew.

Ah well aday! what pleaſing pain!
What unknown charms my boſom knew,
When dancing o'er the village plain
I gaz'd on Ann of Marketjew.

With her I fought the verdant grove,
But O! too ſwift the moments flew,
So happy were the hours of love
With charming Ann of Marketjew.

If fortune's gifts attend the bold,
I'll bid each tranſient fear adieu!
Nor dread that all the pow'rs of gold
Shall ſteal ſweet Ann of Marketjew.

For ah! this heart, for ever brave,
The charming nymph ſhall ſtill purſue,
And rather ſlumber in the grave
Than loſe ſweet Ann of Marketjew.

JUVENIS.

To TRUTH.

[From Hunt's Juvenalia.]

TRUTH, faireſt virgin of the ſky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;
O thou of all the cherub choir,
That boaſt'ſt to wake the ſweeteſt lyre,
And chant the ſofteſt lay:

By him, who 'midſt his country's tears
Stood moveleſs to a thouſand fears,
And ſmil'd at racks and death;
By Perſia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old,
That bow'd thy ſhrine beneath;

By holy virtue's veſtal flame,
By laurell'd honour's ſtately name,
And cheek-bedimpled love;
O! lift from thy majeſtic head
The veil that o'er its treſſes ſpread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove.

Thee chaſte religion's virgin breaſt,
And hope, with fair unruffled veſt,
Their lovely ſiſter hail;
Simplicity with lilied crown,
And innocence untaught to frown,
And peace that loves the vale.

The demon that uſurps thy day,
And caſts upon its blemiſh'd ray
The poiſon of his tongue;
O bid him, from thy dazzling ſight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among.

And, in the horrors of his train,
Let diſcord ſeek his yellow reign,
Nor haunt thy path ſerene;
While guilt, on every ſullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mien.

Then o'er thy flow'r enamell'd way
Shall youth, in artleſs frolic gay,
His ruſtic hymns increaſe;
While Britain, raptur'd at the ſound,
Shouts to her echoing ſhores around,
"Truth, liberty, and peace!"

ODE *to* MORNING.

By T. ADNEY.

WHAT time Aurora gilds the eaſtern ſkies,
And wakes to life ſweet nature, now refreſh'd
By night's ſoft care, O may I ſeek thy ſmiles,
And hail the lord of day!

The gaudy ſcene invites me not alone
To view creation in her wond'rous dreſs,
Rob'd in luxuriant charms, tranſcending far
The labour'd ſchemes of art.

Sweet muſic wakes the groves; the ſtately trees
In ruſtling adoration bow their heads;
While

While air's inhabitants proclaim the dawn,
And joyful homage pay!

Hung with Aurora's pearls, bleſt ſource of life!
Parent of great exiſtence! let me view
Thy orient locks of gold, reflected bright
In each enamour'd ſtream.

While paſt'ral melody delights the vales,
And glads the woodlands with enchanting notes,
I woo thy mild embraces, heavenly morn,
And meet thy whiſp'ring gales.

O thou! whoſe glories charm the wond'ring eye,
And wake ſenſation thro' the myſtic world,
In contemplation 'mers'd I feel thy pow'r,
And draw a veil on doubt!

To thee all nature adoration pays,
Celeſtial morn! and bend the grateful knee;
Till all thy creatures yield to ſober eve,
And dream in ſilent praiſe!

ADDRESS *to the* RISING SUN.

SEE! how with thund'ring fiery feet
Sol's ardent ſteeds the barriers beat,
That bar their radiant way;
Yok'd by the circling hours they ſtand,
Impatient at the god's command,
To bear the car of day.

See, led by morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts the golden ſeat,
Replete with ſeven-fold fire†;
While dazzled by his conqu'ring light,
Heav'n's glitt'ring hoſt and awful night
Submiſſively retire.

See! cloth'd with majeſty and ſtrength,
Thro' facred light's wide gates at length
The god exulting ſpring:
While leſſer deities around,
And demon powers his praiſe reſound,
And hail their matchleſs king.

Thro' the dark portals of the deep,
The foaming ſteeds now furious leap,
And thunder up the ſky:
The god to ſtrains now tunes his lyre,
Which nature's harmony inſpire,
And ravith as they fly.

Ev'n dreadful Hyle's ſea profound,
Feels the enchanting, conqu'ring ſound,
And howls with rage no more;

The world's dark bound'ry Tart'rus hears,
The life-inſpiring ſtrain reveres,
And ſtills its wild uproar.

And while, thro' heav'n the god ſublime,
Triumphant rides, ſee rev'rend time
Faſt by his chariot run:
Obſervant of the fiery ſteeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent ſun.

See! as he comes, with gen'ral voice,
All nature's living tribes rejoice,
And own him as their king;
Ev'n rugged rocks their heads advance,
And foreſts on the mountains dance,
And hills and vallies ſing.

See! while his beauteous, glitt'ring feet
In myſtic meaſures ether beat,
Enchanting to the ſight;
Pæon, whoſe genial locks diffuſe
Life-bearing health, ambroſial dews,
Exulting ſprings to light.

Lo! as he comes, in heav'n's array,
And ſcattering wide the blaze of day
Lifts high his ſcourge of fire;
Fierce demons, that in darkneſs dwell,
Foes of our race, and dogs of hell,
Dread its avenging ire.

Hail, crown'd with light, creation's king!
Be mine the taſk thy praiſe to ſing,
And vindicate thy might;
Thy honours ſpread thro' barb'rous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
And realms involv'd in night.

T. TAYLOR.

Manor-place, Walworth.

† That is, with his own proper fire, and the fire of the other planets.

A SONG.

HAS, abſence, my too lovely maid,
Seduc'd thy thoughts to ſtray?
Has it the exile e'er betray'd
Who wanders far away?

Or rather has it on thy heart
My faith and truth impreſs'd:
And kindly ta'en the wanderer's part,
And lodg'd me in thy breaſt?

Brings early dawn or evening hour
A ſecret joy to thee:
And lures thee to the lonely bower,
To muſe on love and me?

O! to that bower I'll oft repair,
My deſtiny to meet;
And may the lingering echo there
Thy vows of love repeat!

B. H.

July, 1801.